

MARVEL®
COMICS
GROUP

50¢

106
NOV
02449

WIN A *Columbia*® TEN-SPEED
FORMULA 10™ RACER!



DETAILS INSIDE

THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI.

MASTER OF KUNG FU



©1981 MARVEL COMICS GROUP



"Call me Shang-Chi, as my **father** did, when he raised me in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. I learned many things from my father: that my name means 'The Rising and Advancing of a Spirit,' and that my body could be forged into a living weapon through the discipline of kung fu. Since then, I have learned that my father is **Dr. Fu Manchu**, the most insidiously evil man on Earth... and that to **honor** him would bring nothing but **dishonor** to the spirit of my **name**."

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

MASTER OF KUNG FU!

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

"WE HAVE DEFEATED
RAZOR-FIST."

"BUT, GLIMPSED BY
SOME INNER SIGHT,
I SEE MORE
ASSASSIN
AWAITING US..."

the assassin master

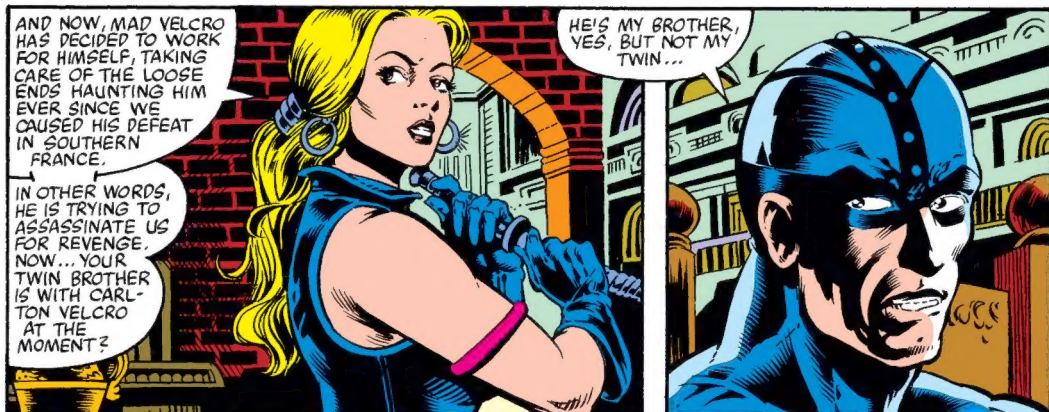
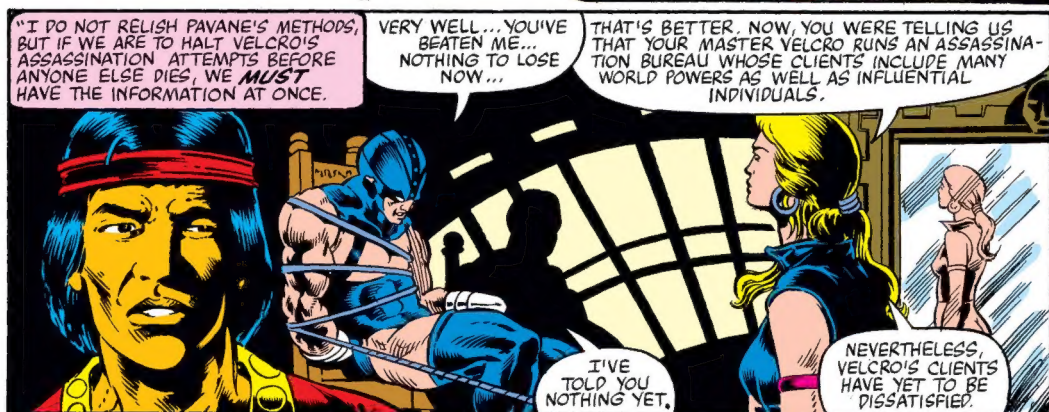
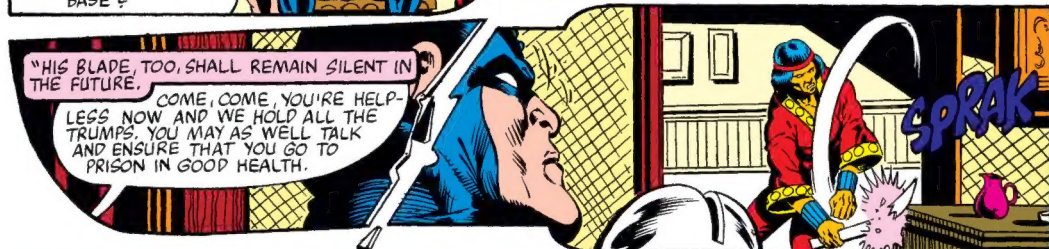
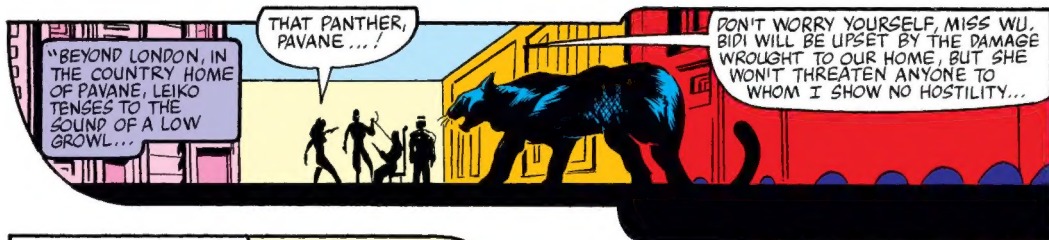
"...AND IN MY MIND'S EYE THE
TOOLS OF THE TRADE DO GLITTER
AND GLEAM..."

DOUG MOENCH • WRITER GENE DAY • ARTIST ARMANDO GIL • INKER



C. SCHEELE • COLORIST JIM NOVAK • LETTERER DENNY O'NEIL • EDITOR JIM SHOOTER • ED-IN-CHIEF

"...COLDLY, AND HEAVY
WITH THE WEIGHT OF
DEATH."



...AND WE ARE NOT AT ALL RELATED TO THE ORIGINAL RAZOR-FIST -- THE ONE YOU KILLED, CHINESE SCUM!

HE WAS SLAIN BY VELCRO HIMSELF, NOT ME.

"HE REPLIES, NOW, WITH LESS CERTAINTY..."

WE... WE DON'T. THE ORIGINAL HAD BLADES ON BOTH ARMS -- WE HAVE ONLY ONE BLADE, ON OPPOSING ARMS, LIKE MIRROR TWINS. WE WERE IN AN ACCIDENT... AND WHEN WE AWOKE...

WELL, CARLTON EXPLAINED THAT HE'D DECIDED TO MAKE AN ASSET OUT OF THE LOSS WE'D SUFFERED IN THE ACCIDENT...

AN ACCIDENT HE NO DOUBT ARRANGED FOR YOU, SO HE COULD MANUFACTURE TWO DUPLICATES OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL ASSASSIN -- AND MORE EFFICIENT DUPLICATES AT THAT.

THAT'S A LIE! CARLTON WOULD NEVER DO THAT!

THAT'S A LIE, HEATHEN! CARLTON VELCRO TAKES CARE OF THE PEOPLE WHO WORK FOR HIM!

WHERE IS HE NOW? TALK! SCUM! OR SHOULD I--

OH? THEN HOW IS IT YOU AND YOUR BROTHER HAVE COME TO SO CLOSELY RESEMBLE THE ORIGINAL RAZOR-FIST?

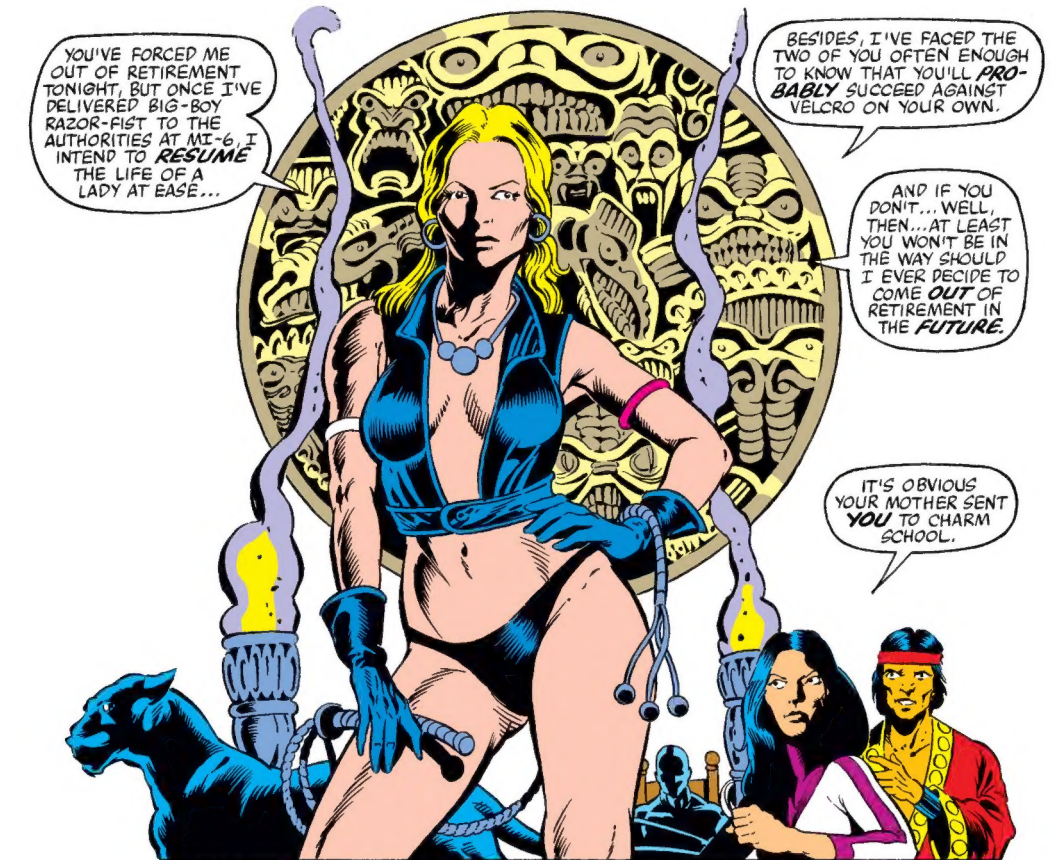
MISSING HANDS AND ALL?

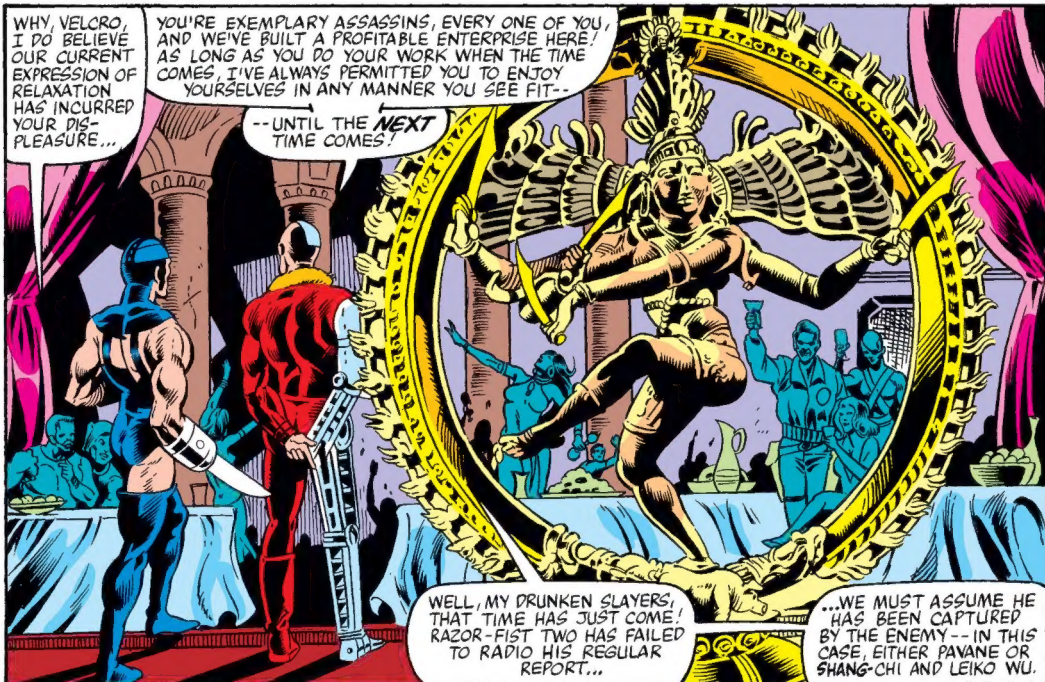
I'LL TALK. IT DOESN'T MATTER -- I MIGHT EVEN BE DOING HIM A FAVOR BY SENDING YOU TO HIM. HE'S IN A MANSION ON THE SOUTH CORNER OF THE SMALLEST ISLAND IN THE MARQUESAS... AND ONCE YOU SET FOOT ON THAT ISLAND, YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE IT.

HE DOESN'T SOUND SO SURE OF HIMSELF, THOUGH, DOES HE?

VELCRO HAS TARGETED YOUR LIFE NEXT, PAVANE. WILL YOU JOIN US IN STOPPING HIM?

NO...NO, I THINK NOT, SHANG-CHI...





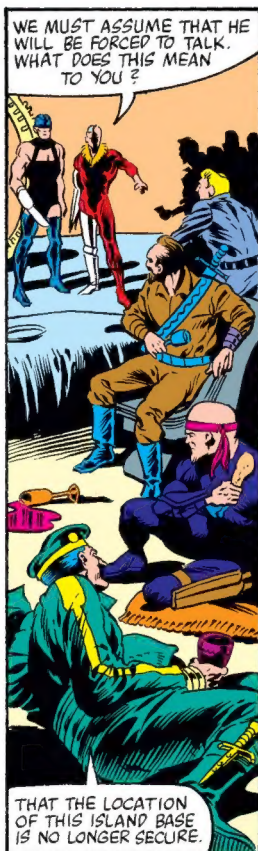
WHY, VELCRO, I DO BELIEVE OUR CURRENT EXPRESSION OF RELAXATION HAS INCURRED YOUR DIS PLEASURE...

YOU'RE EXEMPLARY ASSASSINING, EVERY ONE OF YOU, AND WE'VE BUILT A PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE HERE! AS LONG AS YOU DO YOUR WORK WHEN THE TIME COMES, I'VE ALWAYS PERMITTED YOU TO ENJOY YOURSELVES IN ANY MANNER YOU SEE FIT--

--UNTIL THE **NEXT** TIME COMES!

WELL, MY DRUNKEN SLAYERS, THAT TIME HAS JUST COME! RAZOR-FIST TWO HAS FAILED TO RADIO HIS REGULAR REPORT...

...WE MUST ASSUME HE HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY--IN THIS CASE, EITHER PAVANE OR SHANG-CHI AND LEIKO WU.



WE MUST ASSUME THAT HE WILL BE FORCED TO TALK. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU ?

THAT THE LOCATION OF THIS ISLAND BASE IS NO LONGER SECURE.



CORRECT! WE MUST ASSUME THE POSSIBILITY OF AN ASSAULT AT ANY TIME BEGINNING **NOW!** YOU ARE HEREBY ACTI- VATED TO ALERT STATUS!

YOU WILL ADJUST TO A RATIONS- ONLY DIET ! THERE WILL BE NO MORE DRINKING !

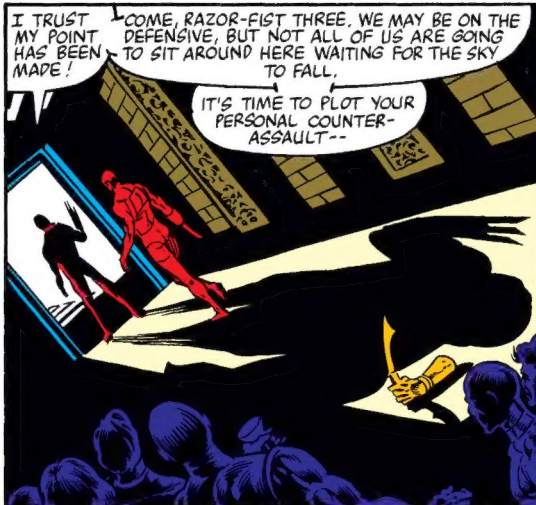


YOU WILL SLEEP IN MINI- MUM SHIFTS ! YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY INSPECT AND PREPARE YOUR WEAPONS FOR USE ! YOU WILL PATROL THIS MANSION AND ITS GROUNDS CONSTANTLY !

AND IF YOU SHOULD UNCOVER ANY INTRUDERS-- **ANY** INTRUDERS--



--YOU WILL **SMASH THEM!!**



I TRUST MY POINT HAS BEEN MADE!

COME, RAZOR-FIST THREE. WE MAY BE ON THE DEFENSIVE, BUT NOT ALL OF US ARE GOING TO SIT AROUND HERE WAITING FOR THE SKY TO FALL.

IT'S TIME TO PLOT YOUR PERSONAL COUNTER-ASSAULT--



--ON NAYLAND SMITH'S CASTLE IN SCOTLAND.

WELL, WE COULD CHARTER A PLANE TO PARACHUTE YOU ONTO THE ISLAND, LAD-- IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT TO RISK IT ALONE...



NOT ALONE, SMITH-- LEIKO WILL BE WITH ME.

YES, YES, LAD, OF COURSE-- BUT I MEAN WITHOUT BLACK JACK AND CLIVE!



AS SOON AS THEY REPORT IN FROM THEIR MISSION IN THE BAHAMAS, I'LL GIVE THEM YOUR LOCATION...



...BUT IT COULD WELL BE TOO LATE-- AND JUST THE TWO OF YOU AGAINST AN ENTIRE HOUSE OF ASSASSINS...



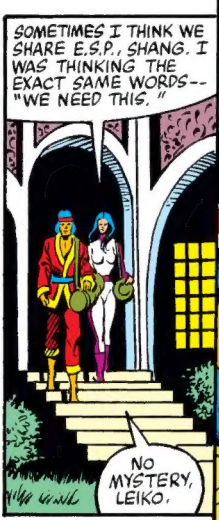
TWO ARE OFTEN BETTER THAN AN ARMY, SMITH. BESIDES, LEIKO AND I NEED THIS MISSION...

VERY WELL...



...WHATEVER THAT CRYPTIC COMMENT IS SUPPOSED TO MEAN. I'LL HIRE A PLANE-- AND MEET YOU AT THE CAR TO DRIVE YOU TO THE AIRPORT.

HELLO, OPERATOR...?



SOMETIMES I THINK WE SHARE E.S.P., SHANG. I WAS THINKING THE EXACT SAME WORDS-- "WE NEED THIS."

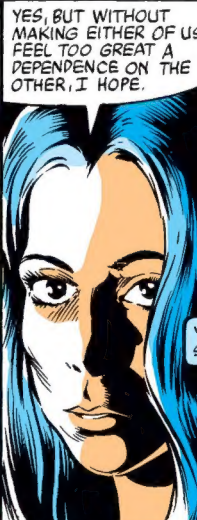
NO MYSTERY, LEIKO.



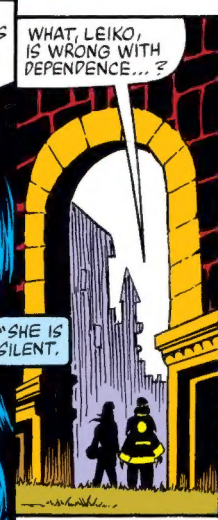
WE HAVE BOTH BEEN SUFFERING A LOSS OF OUR FORMER ART, OUR FORMER SKILL-- AND STRIVING TO REGAIN THEM, TO REBUILD OUR CONFIDENCE.



THIS MISSION COULD DO IT FOR BOTH OF US, AND ALSO INCREASE OUR RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER.

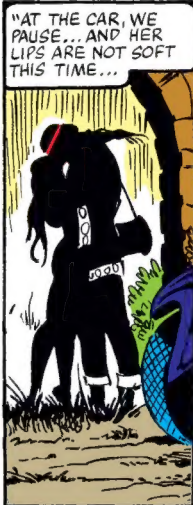


YES, BUT WITHOUT MAKING EITHER OF US FEEL TOO GREAT A DEPENDENCE ON THE OTHER, I HOPE.

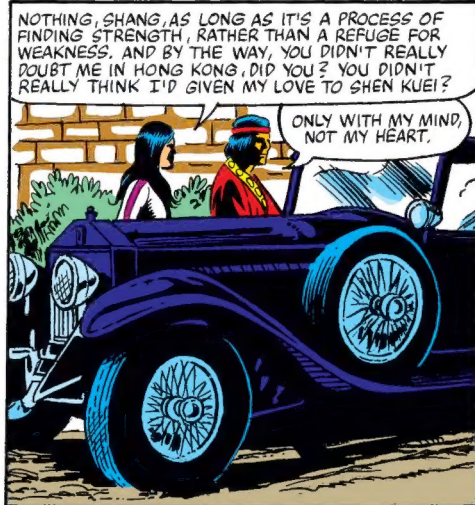


WHAT, LEIKO, IS WRONG WITH DEPENDENCE...?

"SHE IS SILENT."

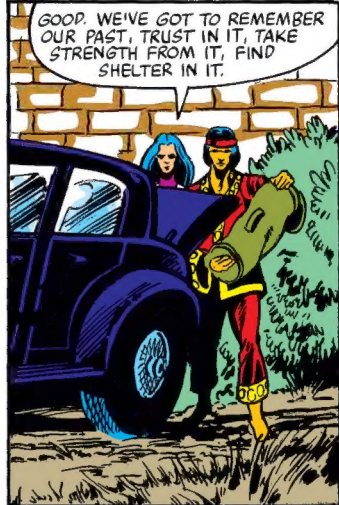


"AT THE CAR, WE PAUSE... AND HER LIPS ARE NOT SOFT THIS TIME..."



NOTHING, SHANG, AS LONG AS IT'S A PROCESS OF FINDING STRENGTH, RATHER THAN A REFUGE FOR WEAKNESS. AND BY THE WAY, YOU DIDN'T REALLY DOUBT ME IN HONG KONG, DID YOU? YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK I'D GIVEN MY LOVE TO SHEN KUEI?

ONLY WITH MY MIND, NOT MY HEART.



GOOD. WE'VE GOT TO REMEMBER OUR PAST, TRUST IN IT, TAKE STRENGTH FROM IT, FIND SHELTER IN IT.



THE KEY FOR THIS MISSION? FINDING SHELTER IN THE WAYS OF THE PAST-- EVEN A PAST BEYOND OUR OWN?

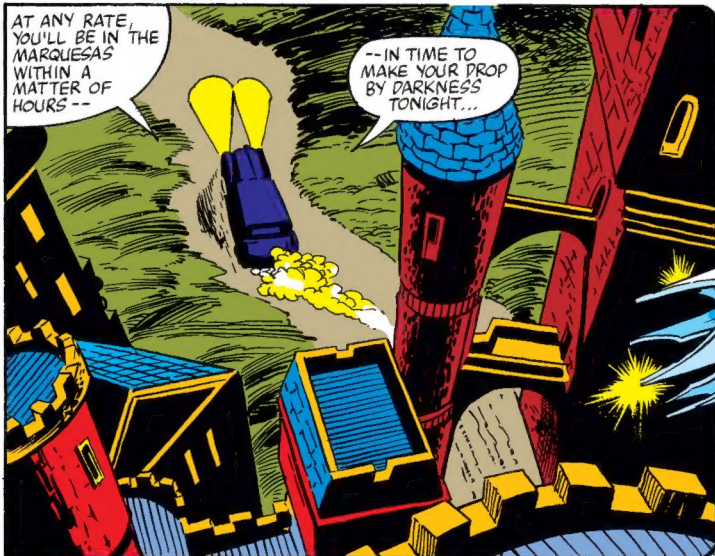


YES, LET'S JUST HOPE THE OLD WAYS HOLD UP TO --

ALL RIGHT, EVERYTHING IS SET--LET'S ROLL.



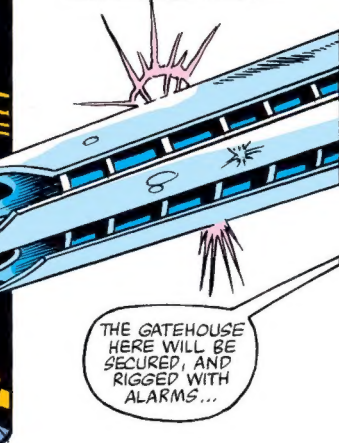
THE PLANE'S WAITING -- SO LET'S JUST HOPE THE PRECAUTIONS YOU OBTAINED IN LONDON PROVE FRUITFUL ...



AT ANY RATE, YOU'LL BE IN THE MARQUESAS WITHIN A MATTER OF HOURS --

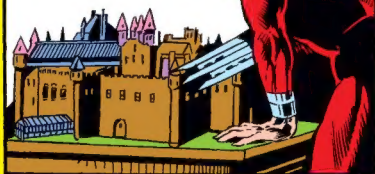
--IN TIME TO MAKE YOUR PROP BY DARKNESS TONIGHT...

--MAKE YOUR ASSAULT BY DARKNESS TOMORROW NIGHT, RAZOR-FIST THREE.

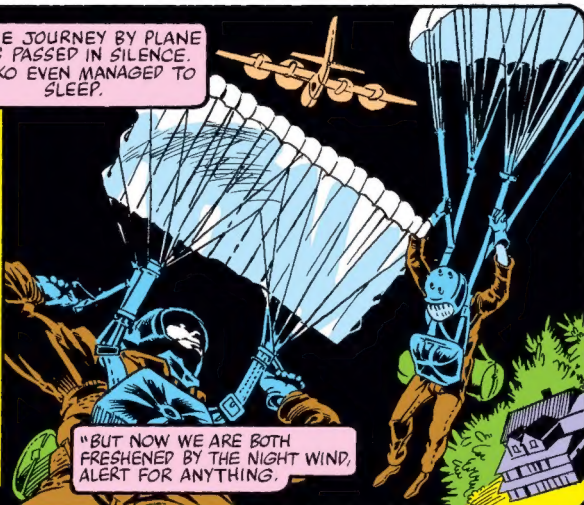


THE GATEHOUSE HERE WILL BE SECURED, AND RIGGED WITH ALARMS...

STILL, I'M CONFIDENT YOU'LL FIND A WAY TO PENETRATE THEIR DEFENSES AND DROP IN ON THEM UNDER COVER OF THE DARKNESS.



"THE JOURNEY BY PLANE HAS PASSED IN SILENCE. LEIKO EVEN MANAGED TO SLEEP.



"BUT NOW WE ARE BOTH FRESHENED BY THE NIGHT WIND, ALERT FOR ANYTHING.

SMITH KNOWS WE'RE AFTER THEM, SO BE ALERT FOR GUARDS PATROLING THE GROUNDS-- TAKE A GUN AND SILENCER WITH YOU THIS TIME.

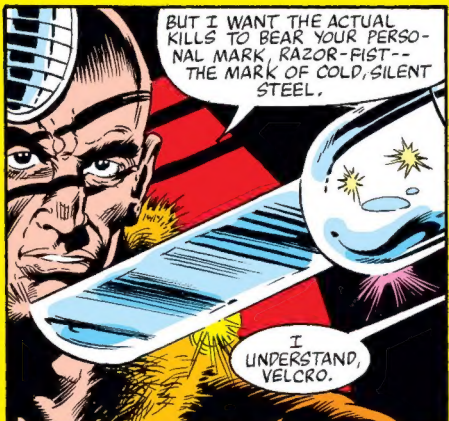


"WE REACH THE TREETOPS WITHOUT DRAWING FIRE...



THERE THEY ARE-- TWO OF 'EM-- LET'S GO!

BUT I WANT THE ACTUAL KILLS TO BEAR YOUR PERSONAL MARK, RAZOR-FIST-- THE MARK OF COLD, SILENT STEEL.



I UNDERSTAND, VELCRO.

"FREEING OURSELVES OF THE PARACHUTES, WE MOVE TO THE RUCKSACKS OBTAINED IN LONDON...



TIME TO TAKE SHELTER IN THE WAYS OF THE PAST, SHANG...

...AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.

"BUT THE *WORST* OCCURS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY..."

FREEZE!

"WE OBEY, LAPING INTO A SHARED TRANCE OF SUSPENSION; EVEN OUR HANDS REMAIN WHERE THEY ARE, WITHIN THE RUCKSACKS."

"THE JUNGLE, ENFOLDING US, SINGS ITS SOFT NIGHT-SOUNDS."

"AND, BRISTLING WITH WEAPONS, STRANGE MEN STEP CLOSER."

"LEIKO'S EYES ARE OPEN TO ME, WAITING. FINALLY, WHEN THE MEN ARE NEAR... I RAISE MY LEFT EYEBROW."

"AND--"

LOOK OUT! THEY'VE GOT SWORDS!

AGH-H!

CHUD

FWAK

"-- THE NIGHT-SOUNDS ARE BROKEN BUT BRIEFLY."

"WE TURN BACK TO THE RUCKSACKS --"

SO FAR, SO GOOD, SHANG.

"-- RESUMING OUR SEARCH FOR SHELTER IN THE PRECAUTIONS OF THE PAST."



VELCRO IS STILL SAFE INSIDE?

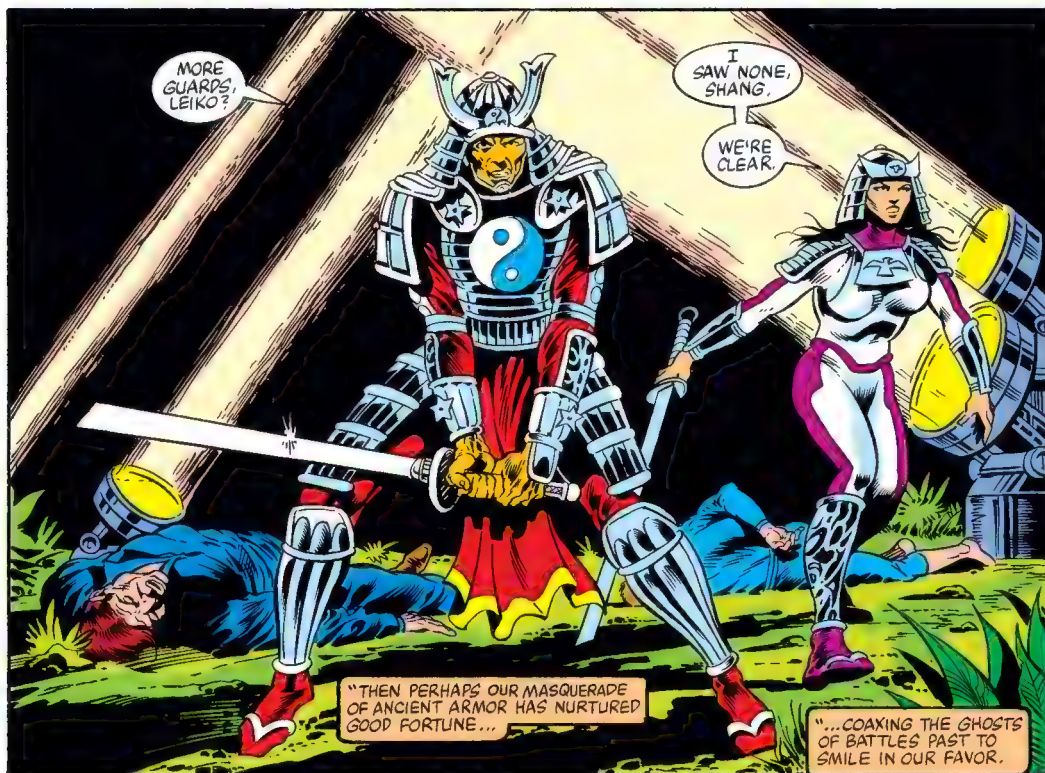
JA! BUT I T'UGHT I
HEARD SOUNDS-- FROM
WHERE THE PATROL VENT.



NOW, RAZOR-FIST, LET'S DISCUSS
ALTERNATE METHODS OF
BRE CHING THEIR SECURITY
AND GETTING INSIDE...



ARE YOU SURE?
I DON'T HEAR A--



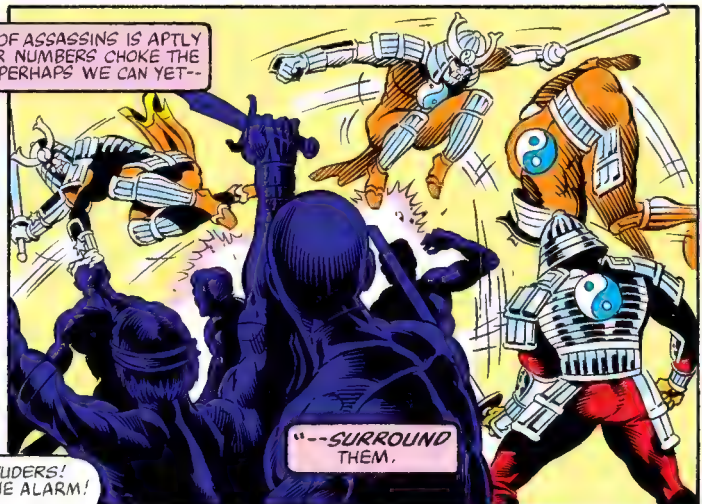
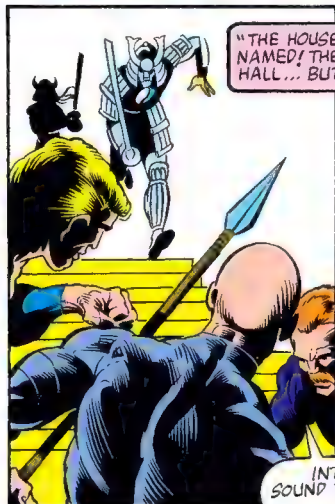
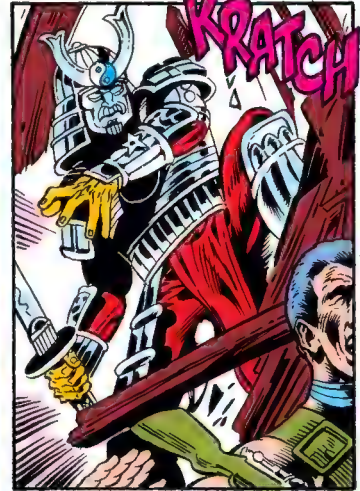
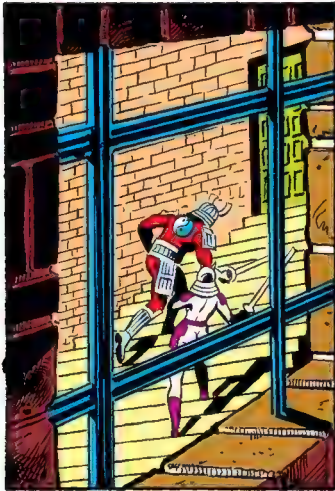
MORE
GUARDS,
LEIKO?

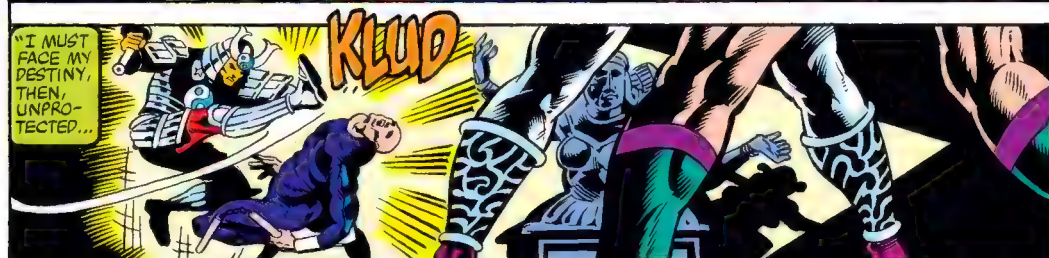
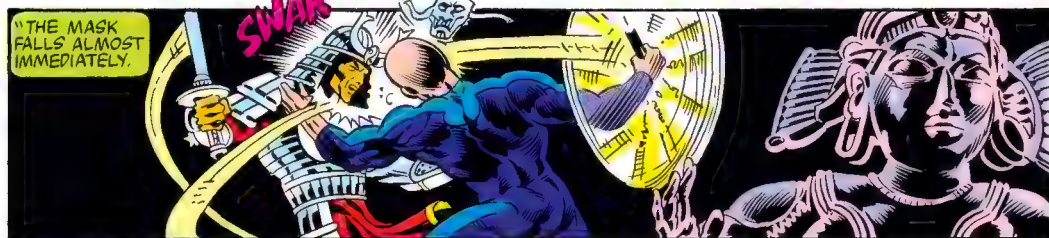
I
SAW NONE,
SHANG.

WE'RE
CLEAR.

"THEN PERHAPS OUR MASQUERADE
OF ANCIENT ARMOR HAS NURTURED
GOOD FORTUNE..."

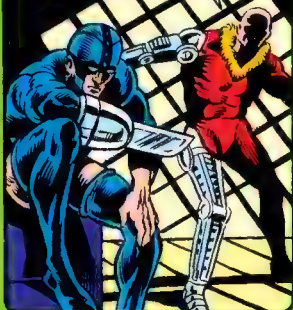
"...COAXING THE GHOSTS
OF BATTLES PAST TO
SMILE IN OUR FAVOR."





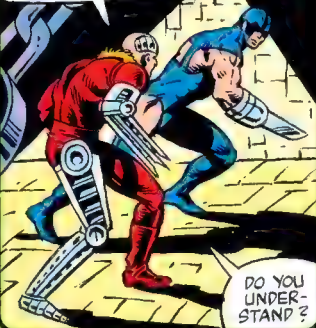
BAW BAW BAW

THE ALARM, RAZOR-FIST!
THEY'RE HERE ALREADY--
AND THEY'VE PENETRATED
THE GUARDS! THEY'RE IN
THE HOUSE!!



I'LL GO SEE IF I CAN
HELP, VELCRO...

NO! STAY HERE! AS
LONG AS THEY REMAIN
A THREAT WITHIN THIS
HOUSE, I'M NOT TO
BE LEFT ALONE!

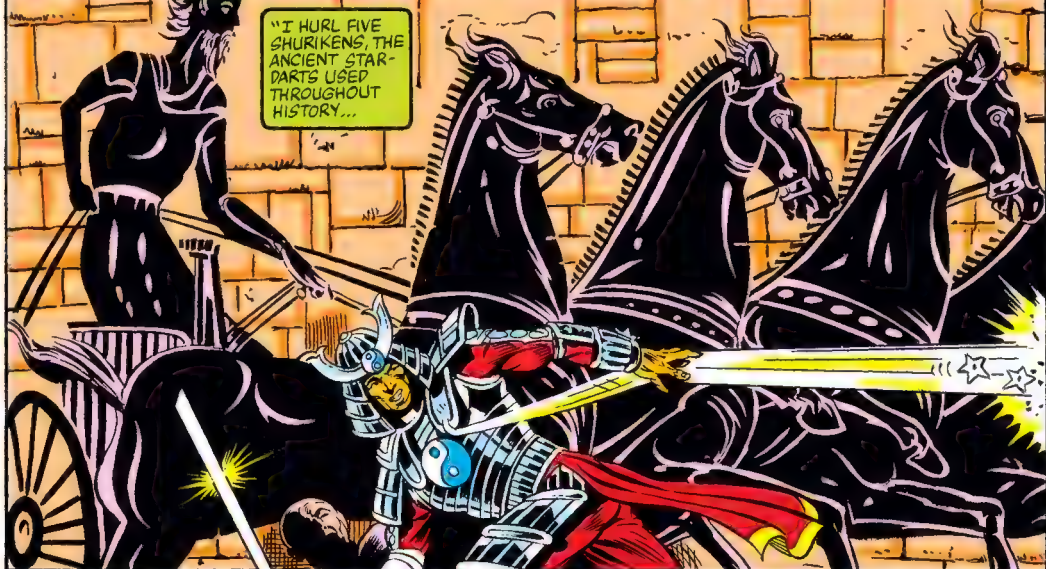


I WANT YOU BY MY SIDE **AT**
ALL TIMES, RAZOR-FIST!
DO-YOU-UNDERSTAND?!



YES,
CARLTON... I
UNDERSTAND

"I HURL FIVE
SHURIKENS, THE
ANCIENT STAR-
DARTS USED
THROUGHOUT
HISTORY..."



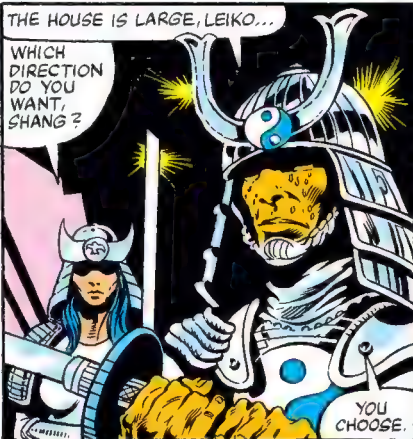
"... AND I MEET LEIKO IN THE
CENTER..."

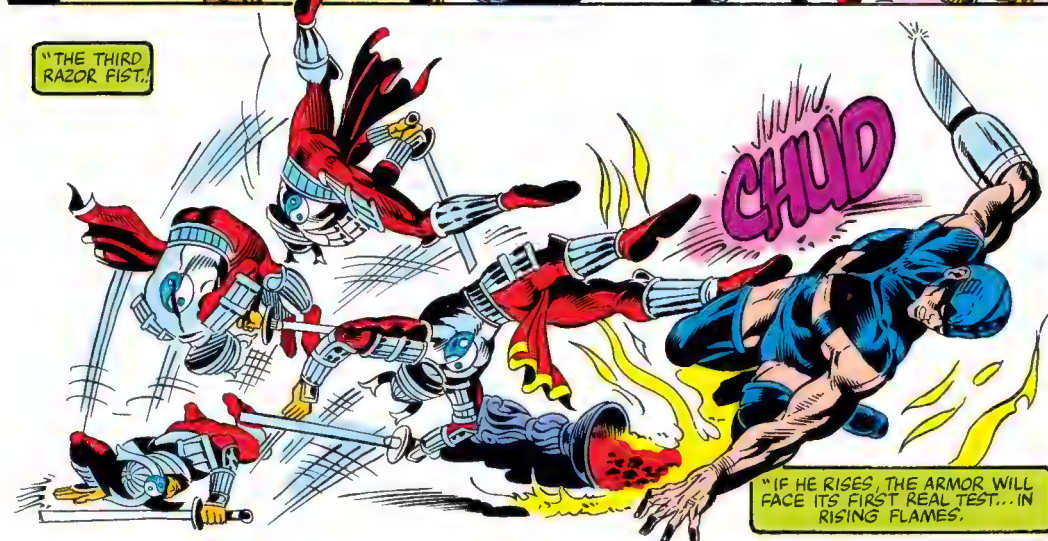
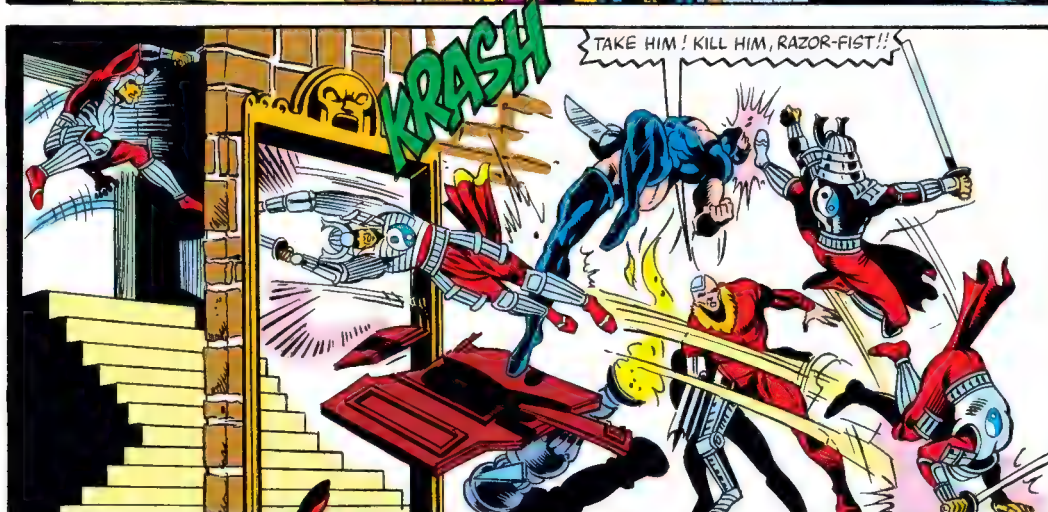
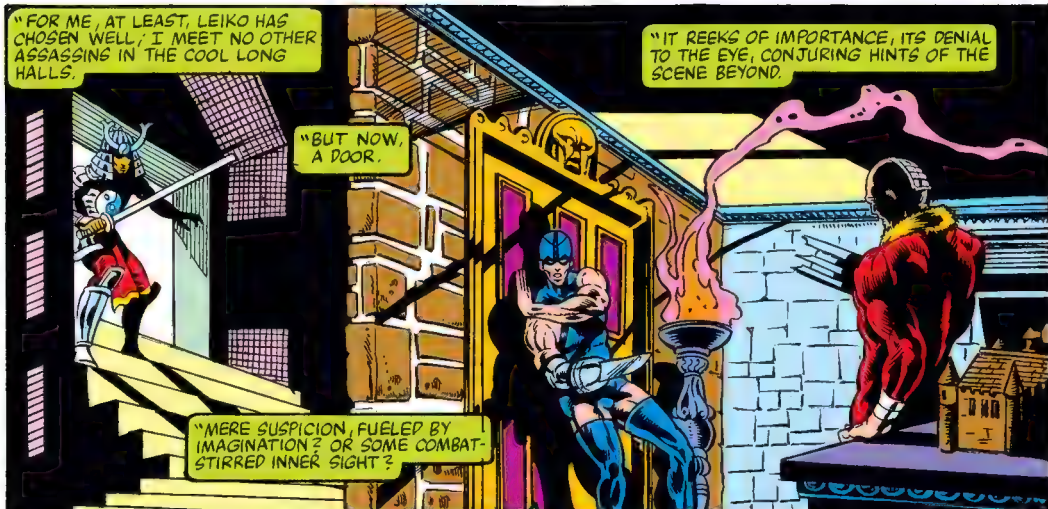
"... SURROUNDED
BY LIFELESS
ASSASSINS."

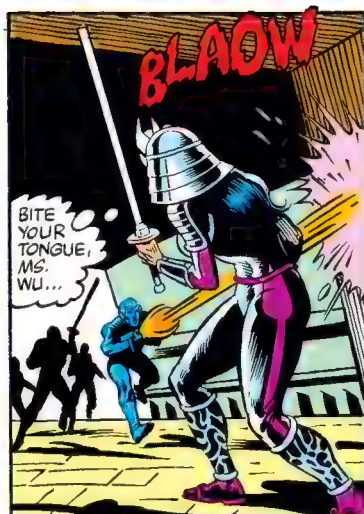


THE HOUSE IS LARGE, LEIKO...

WHICH
DIRECTION
DO YOU
WANT,
SHANG?







"HE RISES... AND THE ARMOR FACES ITS TEST OF FIRE FROM TWO QUARTERS. FOR RAZOR-FIST IS NOT MY SOLE OPPONENT..."

"MAD VELCRO STANDS JUST BEYOND THE FLAMES, GUN IN HAND, PATIENTLY AWAITING THE OUTCOME OF THE FIRST TEST."

"BLADE AGAINST BLADE, WE ARE EQUAL -- MY LENGTH AGAINST HIS POWER."

"THE ARMOR, TOO, IS AN EQUALIZER -- PULLING MY SPEED BUT HOLDING AGAINST HIS SLASHES, GIVING ONLY IN SPARKS."

"YOU KILLED THE ORIGINAL RAZOR-FIST, CHINESE SCUM--AND PERHAPS MY BROTHER AS WELL! FOR THAT, I'LL MAKE YOU SCREAM AS YOU BLEED!"

"I KILLED NO ONE--VELCRO HIMSELF IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COWARDLY DEED!"

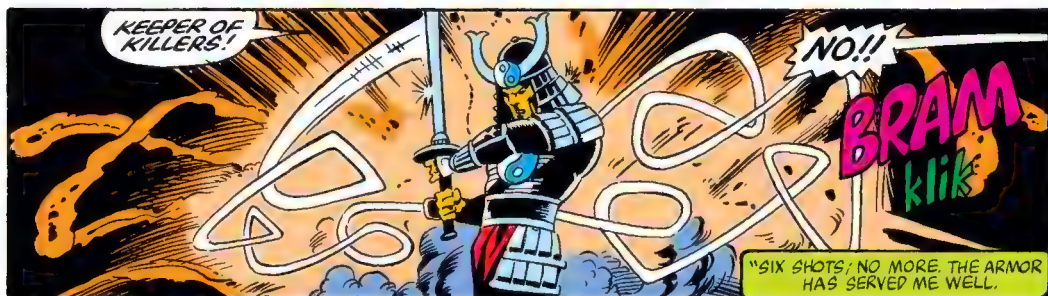
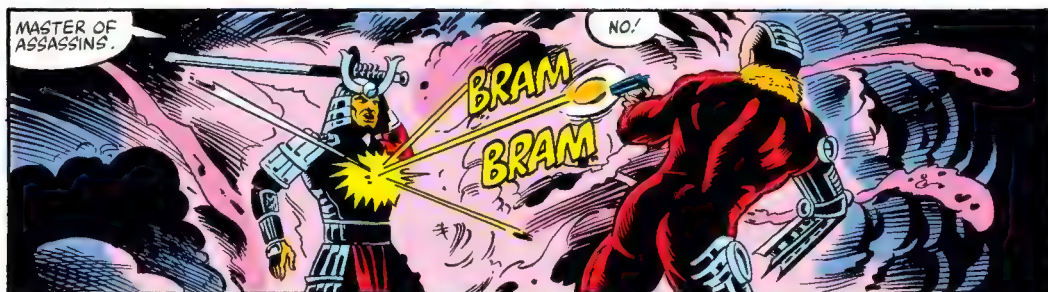
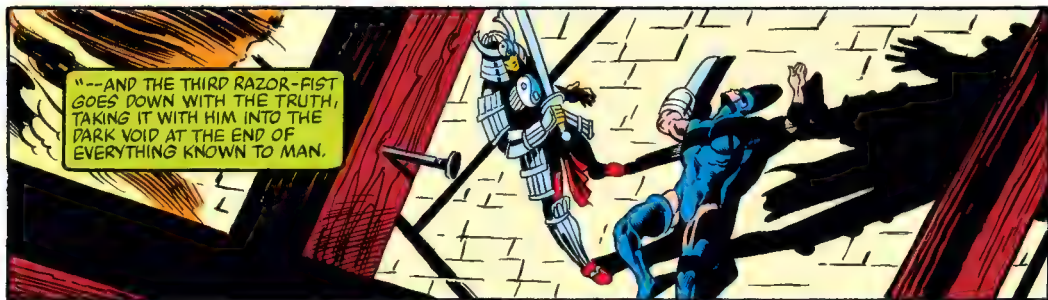
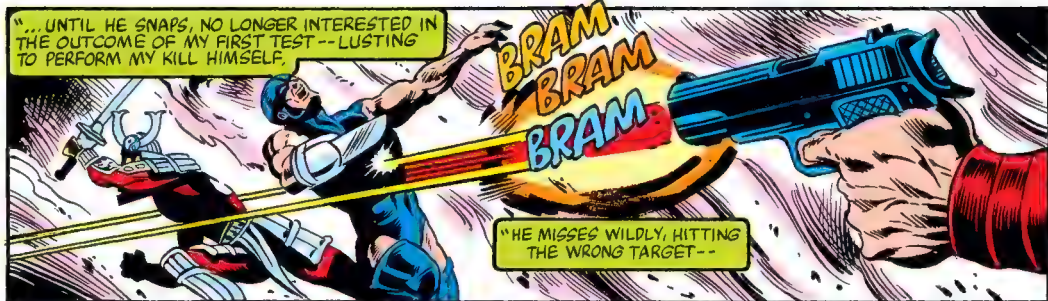
"YOU SERVE THE MAN--SURELY YOU MUST KNOW HE IS CAPABLE OF SUCH A THING! SURELY YOU MUST BE AWARE OF HIS CAPACITY FOR COWARDICE!"

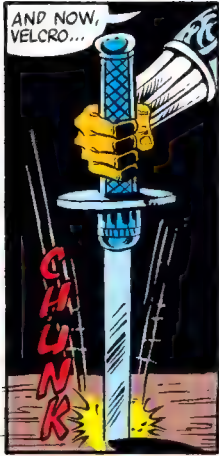
"HIS COWARDICE... YESS..."

"VELCRO! IS THIS TRUE? DID YOU KILL --"

"SILENCE, YOU FOOL! KEEP FIGHTING --DON'T STOP--KILL HIM!!"

"AND, IN ANGER, VELCRO'S PATIENCE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE..."





AND NOW, VELCRO...



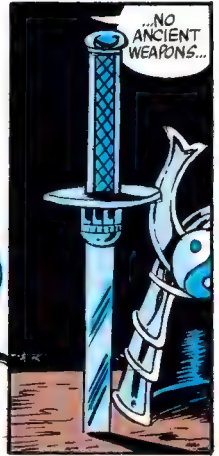
...MY MISSION
NEARS ITS TRUE
GOAL...
I CAME HERE
NOT TO FIGHT
RAZOR-
FIST...



...AND NOT YOUR
CORPS OF ELITE
AGASSINS...
I CAME HERE
TO FIGHT
**CARLTON
VELCRO.**



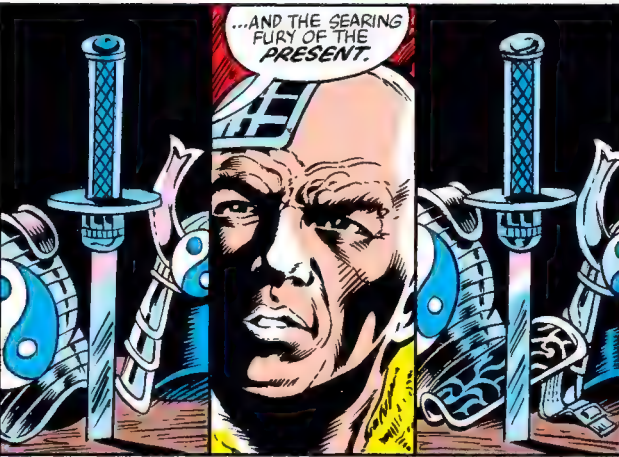
AND TO FIGHT
SUCH A
MADMAN...
...I NEED NO
SHELTER IN
THE PAST...



...NO
ANCIENT
WEAPONS...



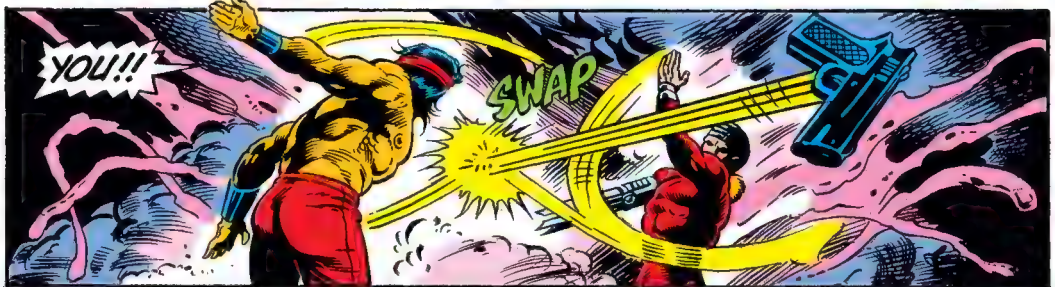
...AND NO OUTDATED
ARMOR...
I NEED
NOTHING BUT
MYSELF...



...AND THE SEARING
FURY OF THE
PRESENT.



COME, MAD VELCRO
-- FOR I HAVE COME
FOR YOU...



YOU!!

SWAP



VERY WELL, SHANG-CHI... THEN LET US FIGHT...

TEK

YOU SEE, I AM MORE THAN READY
FOR YOU. I MAY HAVE LOST MY
ARM IN THE EXPLOSION YOU
ENGINEERED SO LONG AGO...
AND YES, IT MAY HAVE
DRIVEN ME **MAD**... BUT IT
DID NOT MAKE ME **STUPID.**

"HIS ARM--EVEN MORE LETHAL
THAN RAZOR-FIST'S BLADE!
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE
RETAINED THE ARMOR..."

SPRUNG

"BUT NO! AS SOON
AS WE LOCK, I
REALIZE A GRIM,
HARD TRUTH..."

"IT MUST BE DONE
CLEANLY, SHARPLY..."

"...AND
ALONE,
WITH NO
AID FROM
ANYONE
OR ANY-
THING."

"LEIKO IS ON THE WAY..."

THE LAST ONE--
FINALLY-- AND
NOT A SECOND
TOO SOON...

KUD

...THE
FIRE'S
RAGING
NOW!

GOT TO GET TO SHANG-- BEFORE THE
ENTIRE MANSION COLLAPSES IN
FLAME!

AND TARR
ARRIVES...

AWRIGHT-- FREEZE!
YA STINKIN' SWINE!
THE LAW HAS JUST
LANDED!

AND IF ANYTHING'S
HAPPENED TO A CERTAIN TWO
PEOPLE OF THE CHINESE PERSUASION,
YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU'D BEEN
CAUGHT BY VIGILANTES!

"THE SPIKES--GRINDING
INTO MY FLESH--!"

"MUST
FORCE
VELCRO
BACK..."

GUHH!



HERE, LEIKO.

SHWANK

CLIVE AND BLACK JACK ARE
HERE, SHANG -- I SAW THEM
OUT THE WINDOW.

THEY'VE BROUGHT
THE LOCAL
AUTHORITIES.

THEN IT'S OVER, LEIKO.
LET US LEAVE.

"LATER, THE LAST OF THE ASSASSINS ARE
LED AWAY, NUMB AND SURLY AS THE HOUSE
CONTINUES TO BURN..."

WELL, CHINAMAN -- LOOKS LIKE YOU AN' WU HAVE
DONE IT AGAIN. SCRATCH ONE GRADE-A ASSASSINATION
BUREAU AND HANG IT UP TO DRY FOR POSTERITY.

BLACK JACK'S
RIGHT, SHANG
-- MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED
AS INTENDED.

NO MORE NEED FOR
THE PAST... SO
WHAT SAY WE
COME OUT OF
OUR SHELLS FOR
GOOD AND FACE
THE FUTURE
WITHOUT
ARMOR...
WITH BARED
SOULS
AND...

"SOMETIMES
I WOULD
RATHER HEAR
LEIKO'S VOICE
THAN THE SIGH
OF WIND OR
THE RUSH OF
WATER.

"AND SOMETIMES... SHE SIMPLY TALKS TOO MUCH.

...MMPH...

AS MY GREAT-UNCLE'S
BIOGRAPHER MIGHT
SAY... **AHEM.**

YA MEAN **AMEN,**
RESTON -- **AMEN.**

"NAYLAND SMITH IS AN INTELLIGENT,
SOMETIMES WISE MAN.

"YET WE LEFT
HIM CONFUSED.

"PERHAPS WE WILL TRY
TO EXPLAIN THE VERY
SIMPLE TRUTH TO HIM,
BUT I SUSPECT HE WILL
NEVER TRULY UNDER-
STAND IT..."

"WE NEEDED
THIS."

NEXT ISSUE: **THE DARK ANGEL!**

MISSIVES TO THE MASTER!

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DENNIS O'NEIL
EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Hey there!

It's the hundredth issue of Chang-Shee! Wowee!

From the looks of things, great happenings are in store for this comic (as usual)—and from Zeck's terrific cover to the final pain of a lost love yet again, the current issue is superb!

Gene Day's art in the beginning of the story also promises a bright future artwork—moody, with shadows used perfectly to give us the feeling of highly “modern” spy intrigue while still conveying the early 1930's setting.

Indeed, Chapter One's “The Immortal Caravan” was a fantastic story in itself. Nayland Smith's uncertain love relationship was intriguing to say the least. Fah Lo Suee, after all her appearances in this mag, is still elusive and mysterious. The first I saw of her was way back when she held a gun on Shang and Reston, her cruel Gulacy-eyes sparkling. Later, of course, she commanded Reston (under the Spider Spell) to kiss her so she could remember what it was like to kiss Smith “when he was as young as I.” These earlier appearances go back a good five years or more. That's known, folks, as *roots*.

Smith infiltrated Fu's lair by cover (or deception) of something which was only used as a symbol to rally his Si-Fan army, bringing to mind the elaborate degrees Fu Manchu will go to—for example, his campaign to obtain Shaka Kharn's skull. Speaking of which, if Fu is old enough to have had an Egyptian tomb built for him, then how old is his ancestor Kharn's skull? The mind boggles to contemplate such incredibly *ancient* evil.

I see Fu was using snakes and vipers even at this early stage, and the phoenix on his chest foretells the future—especially on page 10, when he emerges behind the torch, much like his fiery phoenix-like advent in South America several years back. Gad, there's just so much detail—and this is all just in the preface for the story yet to unfold!

Chapter Two's “The Ancient Mystery” isn't quite as good, but this is a completely subjective reaction. Why? For one thing, there is no direct conflict between good and evil. Rather, this middle piece deals completely in mystery, resulting in no solution or resolution, when the reader expects the usual adventure tale. But it was okay by me; after all, it was a mere six pages long. Shang is confused by the concept of eternally growing up, never being “grown up”—no wonder he so desperately needs a father image.

Recalling Fah Lo Suee's cruelty to “Little Spirit” in the Moench/Gulacy magnum opus, it was rather startling to find them at peace here in the flashback. There's no deep love between them, true, but the lack seems to derive from Fah never being around.

Now we head into the final chapter, “The Whitechapel Madness,” and the story reverts to the recognizable form we've grown to love over the years. Very nice, looking at all three chapters—and a different mood, feel, and flow for each segment, emphasizing the past intruding into the future.

Loved Leiko pursuing the mad killer—plus the twist that Fu knew who Jack the Ripper was. I also liked the way Melissa jumped into the fray with both feet. From fleeing the Leopard-Men in terror to acting as a decoy for a mad killer, she's come a long way. Remember when she was Smith's docile secretary, making Chi ponder: “She follows orders. Why can't I?”

Chi, as always, sends Reston to the back while he boldly enters the lion's den himself. The result of these battles is never in doubt, yet you always manage to infuse them with genuine suspense.

A wonderfully tragic conclusion, with Shang and Fah managing to reach something of an understanding based on their common fate.

Nice caper to a hundred issues, sirs. Here's hoping for a hundred more.

Chris Meier
Box 7
Cumberland, WI 54829

Dear Doug,

Last night I read MOKF #100. I liked it. As I later went to sleep, I thought about Fah Lo Suee and her two lovers, speculating on her untold adventures working for/against her father, how she had reorganized MI-6, and wondering if she had ever considered slipping Sir Denis a little elixir vitae. This morning all I remem-

bered dreaming was that it was Halloween and I was entertaining some children in a Miss Piggy mask.

Oh well.

Steve
(No address given)

Friends,

A few random points on MASTER OF KUNG FU in general and #101 in particular:

1. Nice storyline. Stories with a good balance of characters are rare in comics, and stories which flow coherently from beginning to end are rare in any medium. The theme of responsibility and consequences was handled with just the right touch—not too heavy. The moral question is a timeless one. To what extent does late repentance excuse a life of crime? Suppose Fu Manchu had been the old man in the bed . . .
2. Leiko Wu was handled nicely, though cast in a passive role this time. More action from her would be appreciated.
3. Lovely choreography in the kung fu sequences. When Mike Zeck goes, I'll miss him.
4. Melissa Greville is a bore. She is taking up panel space which could be devoted to Leiko.
5. I like Shang-Chi when he is sneaking about in shadows.
6. I like Shang-Chi in a black turtleneck and white pants. Very much.
7. Knowing British elevators—excuse me, *lifts*—I can testify that it is not difficult to “outrace” one. It is easy.
8. Clive Reston appeared in one panel and had nothing to say. I am crazy over Reston. Please, sir, can I have some more?
9. The last four panels were superb.

Elizabeth Holden
120 Lewis St. Apt. 2
Ottawa, Ont. K2P 0S7 Canada

Brief replies to several of your points, Elizabeth:

2. Leiko has already resumed a more active role and will continue to do so. (She was, after all, confined to a hospital bed in #101 . . .)
3. We miss Mike, too, but what do you think of Gene Day's work? Personally, we think his layouts are stunning.
4. Watch for a major change involving Melissa Greville—as well as Clive Reston and the Dark Angel.
8. Reston plays a major role in #108. It's called “Chameleons.”
9. Thank you.

Out of room for this month, People. Next issue heralds the coming of the mysterious Dark Angel—and highlights Shang-Chi's epic battle with a master assassin known as Sata. The story is called “A Painless Result of Having Lived”—and just wait till you gloat Gene Day's incredible artwork! It is clearly something to behold.

So be here in 30 days and we'll all behold it together.



**SHE'S LOVELY...
SHE'S DYNAMIC...
SHE'S
DYNAMITE!**

SO WHY IS SHE MARVEL'S
MOST MISUNDERSTOOD
HEROINE?

SPIDER-WOMAN

ON SALE MONTHLY!